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New Republic

THE UN IS STILL THE WAY TO PEACE

AN EDITORIAL

JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN

By DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

HOMAGE TO GEORGE ORWELL

By JAMES STERN

HAROLD L. ICKES: LET THE PRESIDENT LEAD

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Emanuel Celler, ***Member of Congress***

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

CRACKING DOWN on John L. Lewis is lots of fun and something of a national pastime. There is evidence that Lewis enjoys it, too, even though he is cast as a hate figure. Lewis loves to lower. He is probably as much responsible as any man for passage of the Taft-Hartley Act and he is quite prepared to goad Congress to even more savage legislation by continuing his curious form of non-collective bargaining. Nobody can deny that the country needs coal and that somehow it must be produced. With national nerves frayed and strained almost past endurance by H-bomb developments, a good, hysterical binge of anti-Lewis hatred is just what the doctor ordered for millions of people and it might have real therapeutic value. Whether it would mine coal is another matter. A last-minute compromise is still indicated.

The big story, of course, is Triton Fortnight. Truman decided to go ahead with the H-bomb, which scientists say will be made of triton, isotope of the rare metal, tritium. His decision was announced in a curt, five-sentence statement, January 31. On February 2 Senator Brien McMahon (D, Conn.) called for a five-year, $50 billion Marshall Plan (if Russia will coöperate on the bomb), coupled with an enormously expanded "Voice of America." The treachery of Klaus Fuchs was announced February 3. Then on February 8 (last Wednesday) Acheson put on record the gloomy facts of the new Russian policy, the Administration's reluctant conclusion that—at least for the time being—it is no use seeking diplomatic agreement with Russia, that the only realistic approach is equality of power. No future historian will neglect Triton Fortnight.

Truman had a chance to speak to the world on the H-bomb decision and muffed it. He had the ear of mankind if he wanted it, but contented himself with a mimeographed handout. Had the subject been something important, like a political convention, there would have been a speech. As Presidential Secretary Ross gave out the H-bomb statement he asked that no reporter leave the room till each had a copy in his hand. Through the walls on his left where workmen are rebuilding the empty White House came the muffled vibration of a pneumatic drill. It sounded like distant thunder.

The Fuchs story is soon told. Cameramen had mounted their floodlights in the tiled corridor outside the Capitol room where the Joint Congressional Committee was meeting with J. Edgar Hoover. After three hours they came out, lights went on, shutters snapped. But there were no smirks on the usually camera-conscious features; these men looked sour and angry. Hoover had confirmed Fuchs's treachery. The latter confessed it in London's Bow Street Court last Friday.

The Fuchs drama is a personal matter involving primarily one figure, but it is the classic revelation of how Communist loyalty works. The case is so sharp, strange and dramatic that it is bound to strip away illusions and pass into the national consciousness of all democracies. British security provisions were inadequate to cope with such a man. Both in Britain and here the circle of consequences has only begun to widen.

When McMahon finished his Senate speech other Senators hurried over to congratulate him. The deep effect he created was due, we think, mainly because he reaffirmed the moral issue and stressed America's will for peace in bold and imaginative terms. Tydings, Vandenberg and others all reiterated these ideas in independent statements.

Next in the hurrying developments of Triton Fortnight was the Acheson press conference. It was evident that this was an answer to McMahon and Tydings. It was a firm, powerful and grim declaration, brilliantly delivered. It tied in with the decision to make the H-bomb. It offered a picture of inability to deal with Russia on anything but a plane of power. But here again, like Truman, it was almost wholly negative.

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Only the word "No" will reach out of it to other lands, nothing of the fervor of Americans for peace.

At Truman's own press conference next day—a rather angry affair—he nailed his banner to the outdated Baruch plan. The fact that the plan was premised on a misconception—the idea that Russia did not have the atomic secret—did not alter its present validity a bit, Truman told heckling correspondents.

That is the story of Triton Fortnight. Truman went through it as best he could. With the same set of circumstances a Wilson, a Churchill or a Roosevelt could have carried America's viewpoint round the world.

A hopeful pattern is emerging of US aid to the Far East: an Export-Import Bank loan of $100 million granted last week to the new republic of Indonesia, while the House reversed itself (as predicted here) on aid to Korea. But in the meantime we are giving just enough help to the defeated Chinese government on Formosa to identify it with every wanton air raid on the mainland. As the coolies look up before the slaughter, they think of Chiang and Uncle Sam. The most amazing performance is our protest to the Nationalists against damaging US property in Shanghai. Who is financing the raids anyway? And do we really want US property excluded as targets? Think of the object lesson *that* would be to the bombed natives.

Notes. Nobody seems to think much of the new GOP platform and the "Liberty v. Socialism" slogan, not even the unhappy Republicans. . . . A sad day for many is David Lilienthal's departure from government this week. . . . The Atomic Energy Commission stood three to two against immediate work on the H-bomb—Lilienthal, Pike and Smyth v. Strauss and Dean. . . . Truman lost freedom of action on the H-bomb when Senator Edwin Johnson (D, Colo.) announced on television that there was such a thing. . . . Protesting against street-car radio broadcasts to "captive" audiences, the American Civil Liberties Union says "freedom of speech includes freedom not to listen." . . . Uncomfortable Congressmen who rejected the Brannan Plan now find the hot potatoes back in their laps.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hiss v. the Liberals

SIR: Your report on the Hiss verdict (the *NR*, January 30) is a shocking example of the biased and hysterical reporting that I had expected to find only in publications like the Chicago *Tribune*. Moreover, it is clearly apparent that you, and many other liberals, are about to leap into the trap set by those extreme (and cunning) right-wing Republicans whom you condemn.

You have disregarded the essential facts in the Hiss Case. He was *not* convicted solely on the testimony of a "confessed liar." There was the corroborative testimony of Hede Massing (who said she knew Hiss as a Communist), Mr. Dulles (who pointed out that Hiss was somewhat of a liar too), and the former maid of the Chambers family (who identified Hiss as a family friend). More important, there was the "immutable evidence"—the documents, the papers in Hiss's handwriting, the typewriter. . . .

Liberals are falling into the trap set by the Republicans by rushing headlong for the bait being waved at them—Alger Hiss. Rally to his defense and spread distrust and contempt for the American institution of trial by jury, and *crunch!* —down come the teeth of the trap.

We liberals have one great shortcoming which has for so long cost us so much. It is that every time the Chicago *Tribune*, or the New York *World-Telegram*, or *Plain Talk*, or even the Luce-papers, make charges which may embarrass the Fair Deal Administration, we jump immediately to the defense—like a conditioned reflex—without examining the charges for even one iota of truth.

Whatever Representative Nixon's motivations be, if his charges are true that some Administration officials are guilty of meddling with justice, then let the truth ring out and politics be damned!

Falls Church, Va. THOMAS E. RUSSELL

[Mr. Russell's letter was inspired by the *NR*'s first news story on the Hiss verdict, which made no pretensions to being a full report on the case. It simply remarked the testimony of a confessed liar and did not state that Hiss was convicted *solely* on that evidence. It was followed the next week by a detailed account of the trial which took notice of other factors in the case. – THE EDITORS]

Naive Assumption

SIR: Merle Miller's summary of the Hiss trial (the *NR*, February 6) contains a paragraph toward the close which seems to me exceedingly naïve. Assuming Hiss to be guilty, Miller writes, we can be certain that he broke with the Party before the end of 1939. As proof, Miller cites three instances in 1939 of actions or letters in which Hiss takes a point of view contrary to the current Party line. "No Communist could have done that," Miller asserts emphatically. . . .

On lower Party levels it is true that members have a constitutional inability to argue a position contrary to the current line, but there is no basis for assuming this timidity extends to secret members engaged in espionage. Julian Wadleigh, in his series of articles for the New York *Post*, mentioned receiving specific instructions from his superiors to adopt a conservative pose in discussions with colleagues in the State Department. Assuming that Hiss was a secret Communist whose primary service to the Party was that of a spy, I think we can also assume that he would not commit the extreme folly of advertising that fact by a slavish adherence to all the twists and turns of Party dialectics. Apparently Miller cannot imagine a spy who does not act like a spy.

New York City MARTIN GARDNER

SIR: Mr. Gardner and I are both guessing. My guess is that Alger Hiss was a genuine anti-Fascist and that if he became a Communist agent he did so because he believed he was thus helping the fight in which all of us eventually took part; my further guess is that when the Soviet Union signed its shameful treaty with the Nazis, Hiss ceased being an agent as quietly as he had begun. Some day Alger Hiss may tell us the entire story—if not, I will be stuck with my hunch and Mr. Gardner with his allegations.

New York City MERLE MILLER

Gone But Not Forgotten

SIR: The very excellent editorial, "The Rules Committee vs. the People," in your January 30 issue, is in error in giving the impression in the second paragraph that *John Rankin and Charles Halleck are* on the Rules Committee. Though members in the past, they are not now.

South Jacksonville, Fla. L. E. AYLSWORTH

German Readers

SIR: I have been forwarding my copies of the *New Republic* to the British Information Services in Germany, which supplies many reading rooms for the German public with material mostly donated. The *New Republic* is received there very eagerly and I have had a letter from them expressing their appreciation and the hope that I would ask my friends to make similar donations. It seems to me that there are probably many *New Republic* readers who would be glad to forward their copies to these people if there were some way of letting them know. The address is: Die Brucke, Information Services Regional Staff, Commissioner's Office, Hansastadt Hamburg, B. A. O. R. 3 (Germany).

Cambridge, Mass. LOIS HOWES

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VOLUME 122, NUMBER 8, ISSUE 1838, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 20, 1950 **New Republic**

THE UN IS STILL THE WAY TO PEACE

HOW TERRIBLE must the prospect of war become before we place peace above prejudice?

The war for which we are now preparing will turn cities into rubble and fields into uninhabitable deserts. It may destroy, or monstrously deform, all life within its reach. We contemplate this prospect in resignation, believing it to be transcended in the eyes of God by the present conflict in human values. And yet this conflict cannot be resolved by war. The bombs we are amassing may be powerful enough to destroy great nations. But to resolve the economic, the social, the political and spiritual issues that confront us, they are powerless. War or no war, the continuing struggle for human allegiance or submission will be resolved by the inner strength of the contending societies and their ability to make their true services or strength meaningful and available to all peoples.

The security of the United States does not lie in the size of our stockpile of atomic bombs. It lies, in the words of George F. Kennan,

> in the degree to which the United States can create among the peoples of the world the impression of a country which knows what it wants, which is coping successfully with the problems of its internal life and with the responsibilities of a world power, and which has the spiritual vitality capable of holding its own among the major ideological currents of the time. To the extent that such an impression can be created and maintained, the aims of Russian Communism must appear sterile and quixotic, the hopes and enthusiasm of Moscow's supporters must wane, and added strain must be imposed on the Kremlin's foreign policies. For the palsied decreptitude of the capitalist world is the keystone of Communist philosophy.

In the days of the Truman Doctrine we laid aside this positive emphasis in favor of a negative approach of applying counter pressure wherever the pressure of Communism was felt. We failed. The immediate cause of our failure, as Walter Lippmann has argued, was the Soviet atomic explosion and the victory of the Chinese Communists. The ultimate reason was the refusal of mankind to be herded into one or the other of two armed camps.

Americans are generous and warmhearted. They want to be respected and loved. Instead, they have laid themselves open to resentment and suspicion by other peoples. One reason is that the Truman Doctrine offered far more than America was prepared to give. A second reason was that it asked more of other nations than they were prepared to give. In return for much of what we provided in goods, we required expressions of loyalty and conformity which were extended without feeling, and feelings of indebtedness and gratitude which nations are reluctant to extend to one another.

Consequently we have suffered frustration, disappointment, and, in China, total rejection. Yet the worst is still to come. We have yet to recognize that our failure in China was not that we lost China, but that we believed that it was ours to lose.

The collapse of the Kuomintang should prove to us the irrelevance of American experience for the rest of the world. Twenty thousand Chinese were educated in the United States; a half-million were brought up in Western schools. Yet they were unable to translate the promise of American values into the practice of Chinese reforms. When the crisis came, their learning counted for nothing. They were carried away like flotsam on the Communist tide. One reason was that we have never succeeded in separating the dross from the gold in our values. A second reason is that conditions in the suburbs of Milwaukee and those of Mukden are altogether dissimilar.

Our new policy, outlined for China by Secretary Acheson, emphasizes modesty in place of arrogance, and patience in place of hysteria. It stresses the diversity of all cultures, instead of the supremacy of our culture. It replaces the Truman Doctrine with the Doctrine of the Missing Component; the doctrine, that is, that American intervention can be effective only where it is the missing component in a situation that offers all the other components for success.

If this policy is right in Asia—and we believe it is—then it is right for all the world.

Acheson's program is a new beginning. Yet as an approach to world policy that can replace the Truman Doctrine, it has its own missing component. It lacks a vital element in winning public support.

One way of moving on from the Truman Doctrine would be to return to the principles of classical diplomacy. These principles, proved and consistent, emphasize patience, modesty, toleration of conflicting ideologies and discouragement of bluff and bluster.

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In a stable world these principles might function well for peace. In today's world they cannot suffice. The reason is not simply the instability and flux of the world. It is the growth of democracy, the new and growing demand that the nation's international policy shall be developed by the people in terms that they can understand.

The intricacies of classical diplomacy are incomprehensible to the American people. Neither they nor their elected representatives in Congress will permit American policy to be carried out by secret deals and subtle maneuvers that they cannot debate or even comprehend. For that reason it was necessary for the President to proclaim his world-beating Doctrine in order to obtain minor appropriations for two unimportant nations. For the same reason it is necessary today that a new policy should follow clear principles and known symbols that Americans recognize and love.

Acheson knows this. He recognizes that our foreign policy is a reflection of America's national life and that it must be consonant with American values and ambitions. "If our policies are to be good," Acheson has said, "they must grow out of the fundamental attitudes of the people." Yet he is unwilling to ascribe to those attitudes a shape and a name. He believes, on the contrary, that the multiformity of our national outlook prohibits its compression into a single concept.

That may be true; but it did not inhibit Roosevelt's creation of the Atlantic Charter or Willkie's vision of One World. Under far more difficult circumstances the need for dramatization, for simplification and for thinking that is bold and great, remains. The intellectual life of Europe is festering for lack of a new idea to rise from the ruins of One World. The people of China whom we are urging to throw off Communism are asking, *for what*? The people of America, rebuffed in Europe and rejected in China, have suffered a kind of traumatic scar. Their reaction, in the absence of a new concept, may well be to retreat to isolationism and passivity in the pretense that we do not care what the world thinks of America or what happens to the world if it rejects our advice. The prophets of this new spirit are already present in statesmen such as Senator William Jenner of Indiana, whose solution for famine in India is simple: *Let them eat cows!*

The Doctrine of the Missing Component is not a banner to summon the faithful and rally the dispirited. It is essential in the execution of a new program, and useless for its initiation. Yet without some new banner to replace the tattered flag of anti-Communism, our government may be inhibited from bold thinking. Or it may chart many splendid courses which our ship of state may never sail.

II

Four principal desires, for independence, freedom, higher living standards and peace, move all peoples today. All four form a basic part of American tradition and outlook. One central concept, the United Nations, gives expression to these desires. The United Nations still sums up our values and our hopes. A long-range policy to replace the Truman Doctrine, one which is consistent with our national character and with the ambitions of all peoples, is the promotion of national independence, of human rights, of the Point Four program and of disarmament, all through the medium of the United Nations.

We are very far from such a policy today. A brief survey shows that while steady progress is being made on three of these issues in the UN, America is by no means leading the fight.

National Independence. The struggle for national independence largely concerns the efforts of 216 million people to free themselves from colonial rule. There were 700 million five years ago. Since then, India, the Philippines, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia have achieved independence. In the remaining colonial areas, in Africa, the Caribbean, the Pacific and Southern Asia, pressures are increasing. In some areas, such as Nigeria, violence is smoldering; in others, such as Malaya, civil war is raging; in all these regions, delay increases the potential of revolution.

In Libya, in Somaliland and in Israel the United Nations served as the midwife in the achievement of national independence. In Kashmir it has checked the aftermath of violence that independence caused. In response to many petitions, missions of the United Nations have traveled throughout the colonial areas, bringing about advances toward self-government in Togoland, the Cameroons and in Samoa. The United Nations is constantly asserting its right to supervise the administration of the trusteeship territories and to investigate and review conditions in the colonies. In this struggle the United Nations is divided. The fight for national independence and accountability to the UN has been led by the former colonial nations and by the nations of Latin America. The opposition has been led by the colonial powers. Russia has played a negative and minor role. The United States has stood aside from Britain and France in the reactionary positions they have taken and has submitted reports on all conditions in its own trust territory. But it has not played a leading role in the world's emancipation from colonialism.

Human Rights. Concern for human rights is the great innovation of the United Nations Charter. In the words of Dr. John Humphrey at the UN,

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whereas the League of Nations Covenant confirmed by its silence the traditional theory of international law and international relations that human rights were a matter of domestic concern only, the United Nations Charter makes of human rights one of the two chief pillars on which the whole organization is based.

Since the Charter was signed, the UN has greatly advanced its jurisdiction over human rights. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted in 1948 is the single greatest achievement of the UN and its one strong step toward world government.

Every basic human right is asserted in the Declaration. Yet it was not opposed by the Soviet delegation and many of its articles, which were voted separately, were unanimously adopted. Now the UN is spelling out the Declaration in conventions on the right to nationality and to protection from genocide. From all corners of the world petitions are flowing to the UN protesting violations of the Declaration. The new states of India, Indonesia and Israel have incorporated the Declaration in their constitutions. The British government has used the Declaration to press for a full-scale investigation of slave labor. The frankness and violence of the Russian reaction proved that the Soviet armor had been pierced at its weakest point.

The United States led in the drafting of the Declaration. Yet, in contrast to many nations, we have insisted that the Declaration has no legal force. In the present effort to legislate human rights in the Covenant, the United States, with other major powers, is leading the effort to undermine implementation of the Covenant by insisting that only states can institute action under its terms. Obviously the United States will not bring action against France on behalf of the Ewe tribes of French Togoland. Nor will France file suit against the United States on behalf of Indians denied just treatment in America. This action, taken in deference to the Senate and therefore to public opinion, denies to peoples the effective protection of the UN, forces the issue of human rights back into the arena of the Cold War, and obstructs its basic innovation that world law applies to the individual.

Point Four. Last year the UN Secretary General reported that "the wide gap between unprecedented wealth in a few countries and grinding poverty in most of the others constitutes a basic source of economic and social instability in the world." To close the gap through the technical-assistance program has become a major endeavor of the UN. The power of the idea of economic development, like that of human rights, is such that the Soviet government has not dared to oppose it; the technical-assistance program was adopted unanimously by the UN.

The United Nations is fully qualified to direct the technical-assistance program. Yet it can achieve no more than the major powers permit it to achieve. The power to restrict the UN is proportionate to the power of the great nations to contribute to the technical-assistance program. America, with the major contribution, has the greatest power to obstruct action through the UN. We are using that power.

A technical-assistance program administered through the UN is totally different from one administered by individual nations. On one side the UN, unlike its members, has no partial viewpoint, no special interest, no political irons in the fire, no temptation to use the program for its own ends. On the other side, the nation receiving assistance is not subordinated to another country or required to feel gratitude or indebtedness to another country. It receives help from an organization to which it belongs and pays dues. It is entitled to aid, and the UN does not expect gratitude. In the case of bilateral aid, the political opposition within a country receiving aid is bound to stir up feeling against the country which extends it, charging that country with evil intent and making its action a political issue. In the case of a United Nations program no such distortion is possible.

In addition a UN program is more efficient than a bilateral program. Four second-rate members of a US team, all with the same backgrounds and prejudices, may produce a second-rate program. Four UN officials of equivalent ability and varied backgrounds might produce a first-rate report through the clash of opinions.

A policy based on abandonment of the Truman Doctrine should compel an approach to the Point Four program that gives maximum emphasis to the UN. Instead, the present direction of our approach to Point Four is away from the UN. There is general scorn and contempt for the UN's ability to handle the program, not only in Congress, but in the Administration, presumably from the conviction that anything in which the Russians participate must be bad. Nothing is said about strengthening the United Nations in the preamble to the compromise Point Four bill. Only the barest reference is made to the UN in the body of the bill, which slaps the UN by stating that no official engaged to carry out the Point Four program is required to take an oath to a foreign government.

Once again we are opening the way to frustration and disappointment by trying to make political capital directly out of the program. We are requiring gratitude and so inviting resentment.

Disarmament. From the earliest days of the UN, the US and Great Britain on one side, and Russia on the other, were far apart on the relation between disarmament and a UN military force. The Western powers

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insisted such a force should be created, after which we should attack the problem of disarmament of individual nations. Russia wanted this order reversed. The question of disarmament continued to be discussed even up to the beginning of the Cold War; but thereafter, the initiative in proposing disarmament passed to the Russians. America decided that we could not simultaneously seek domestic appropriations for rearmament and support disarmament at Lake Success. So we derided the Soviet proposals and ignored the moral issue involved.

Disarmament in atomic weapons is ultimately indistinguishable from disarmament in all weapons of mass destruction; the Russians have recognized that truth, we have denied it, although it is in our national interest as a non-aggressor nation that all nations should disarm. None of the footling gambits on good conduct that we have offered recently as UN resolutions is any substitute for serious proposals on disarmament.

These are the issues that endure. They arose long before Karl Marx was born. They will continue long after Stalin dies; long after the defeat of Soviet Russia in war, should Russia suffer defeat. They are the issues on which our tradition and our ambitions are identical with the traditions and ambitions of all peoples. They are the issues which can make the UN a power able to prohibit war. They deserve a new policy of all-out support.

America is unassailable so long as we stand for great endeavors and are content with small gains. "Ideas are invincible," said Emerson, "and bestow upon the hero their own invincibility. Hitch your wagon to a star." The world cannot for long be forced into action by hatred and fear. In place of a policy compounded of histrionics, good deeds, promises of patronage and the inhuman threat of the hydrogen bomb, America should hitch her wagon to the United Nations star.

THE WEEK

LEWIS AND T-H

Behind the Taft-Hartley maneuvers directed last week at John L. Lewis, one ominous fact became clearer. The Taft-Hartley Act has not produced labor peace—in the mines, in the steel mills, in the telephone industry or in the auto industry—but procedures and court precedents are being set which imperil the functioning of unions and throw the power of law drastically on the side of employers.

In the mine case, brief public hearings by the T-H "emergency" board established the fact that there was a dispute—a legitimate bargaining dispute—regarding the terms and conditions under which the miners would sell their labor to the operators. Lewis wanted a wage increase and higher welfare-fund royalties. The operators did not want to grant these benefits, and they wanted to eliminate certain contract clauses they had granted in 1948. The operators were under no pressure to bargain because they hoped for a T-H injunction ordering the miners back to work, in effect on the operators' own terms. They got two injunctions.

After David Cole and his fellow fact-finders went to work under the T-H emergency section, there was a chance that the dispute would be settled by straightforward collective bargaining. That was what Cole and his colleagues tried to bring about—a voluntary agreement that would preclude the ugly business of a court order forcing the miners back into the pits of private employers for the employers' private profit.

The miners had reason to believe in advance that this would be the objective of Cole and the other fact-finders. The White House itself hoped that an agreement would be reached. But suddenly Robert N. Denham, General Counsel of the National Labor Relations Board, obtained on his own responsibility an unfair-bargaining-practices injunction, bypassing both the White House and the fact-finding board.

The injunction issued at Denham's request by Federal Judge Raymond B. Keech is a fantastic document. The high courts have never ruled that the Taft-Hartley restriction on union-shop agreements is constitutional. The miners and operators agreed in 1948, with the benign approval of Judge T. Alan Goldsborough, to prolong the miners' union shop until this legal question had been adjudicated. Judge Keech enjoined the union from doing what Judge Goldsborough informally approved. And under the Supreme Court decision in the first Lewis contempt case of 1947, the union may be punished for disobeying Judge Keech even if the court's action is later found improper.

There is no section of the Taft-Hartley Act that specifically prohibits the union from a contract clause providing that miners will work when "able and willing." But Judge Keech decided that a mere request for the clause was illegal —an extension of sanctions against unions by judicial fiat. Yet even this is trivial in comparison to the harm done by the general law under which the union was hit with both injunctions. It is the fault of the Taft-Hartley Act itself that Denham—an NLRB counsel at war with his own board—was able to seek his own injunction and thus interfere with the fact-finding processes established as the highest emergency procedure by the same statute. It is the fault of Taft-Hartley itself that the coal operators were encouraged to prolong a bargaining stalemate in the hope of getting an 80-day injunction in their favor.

Lewis is not faultless as a labor leader, but his critics seldom mention the fact that more coal can be mined today with fewer men than ever before, that there were sensational increases in productivity during the war, and that approximately as much coal is used now

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as before gas and oil gained a competitive position. They seldom admit that had Lewis lacked the nerve to fight for his miners, the miners never would have got a welfare fund or wage scales that guaranteed them a decent standard of living.

Judge Keech, as an outsider, is not the right person to decide the terms under which coal miners work in the pits. Neither is Denham. Neither is Senator Taft nor former Representative Hartley. The government can properly play a vigorous role in the mediation and conciliation of labor disputes, and in the marshaling of public opinion on the basis of publicly disclosed facts. That is all it can do—and that is enough—unless we are going beyond Taft-Hartley into compulsory arbitration and eventual government control of wage rates, prices and all the other interferences of the corporate state.

AID TO EDUCATION BILLS

The House Committee on Education and Labor went into executive session last week with a promise to continue deliberations until members reach an agreement on some form of federal aid to education. The religious controversy has so clouded the picture that the need for higher teachers' salaries and better school facilities is being ignored while committee members take sides on parochial v. public-school benefits included in the various bills. They are busy counting the Catholics, Protestants and Jews on the committee and in the House, and weighing the mail from religious organizations in their home states. They are trying to reach a compromise on the four divergent bills now before them:

¶ The Thomas bill (S.246), approved by the Senate last May, authorizing $300 million a year in federal aid to education, permits states now giving funds to non-public schools to continue to do so with federal grants. The Catholics favor the bill but would like to extend the use of funds to include transportation of children from home to school.

¶ The Barden bill (H. R. 7160), authored by Committee Chairman Graham Barden (D, N. C.), also provides $300 million but bars the use of funds for parochial or non-public schools. His bill has the support of many Protestant groups (one member of the committee said that 700 Baptist ministers in his state endorsed it at a recent conference).

¶ The Burke bill (H. R. 5939), introduced by Representative Thomas Burke (D, Ohio), provides that the $300 million be spent solely for raising the salaries of public-school teachers. Burke, a Catholic, has no provision in his bill for non-public-school teachers. His measure has been endorsed by the American Federation of Teachers.

¶ The Kearns-Werdel bill (H. R. 7214), introduced by minority members of the committee, Representatives Carroll Kearns (R, Pa.) and Thomas Werdel (R, Calif.), is estimated to cost $136 million for aid to the 13 needy states. The states may use the money for public or non-public schools to be spent on transportation, health, teachers' salaries and textbooks.

So far, there is more support in the committee for the Thomas bill than for any of the others. However, the Republican members may join Barden—the most outspoken anti-Catholic in the House—and six other Democrats who favor his bill to block the Thomas measure. In any event, those interested in federal aid to education hope that the committee will report out one of the measures before the month is over. No matter which one reaches the House floor, it will be the subject of bitter controversy, but perhaps by amendment a bill that fills the critical educational needs will emerge.

EMANCIPATION PARTY

Possibly the shortest and certainly the vaguest civil-rights plank in any recent political platform appeared in the "Statement of Principles and Objectives" adopted by the Republican National Committee last week. The statement consisted of two sentences, which promised that the Republicans would "continue to sponsor legislation to protect the rights of minorities." In those few words, the conservative faction of the GOP high command (1) antagonized the liberal members of the Republican Party, (2) handed the Democrats a neat campaign issue for the 1950 Congressional elections and (3) gave cause to the Dixiecrats for closer coöperation in blocking Administration bills.

Before it was passed, the statement stirred controversy within the Republican Party. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (Mass.) was overruled when he urged the GOP to "declare forthright determination to enact civil-rights legislation at this Congressional session and to break a filibuster if necessary." Senator Irving M. Ives (N.Y.) said the provisions fell far short of the 1948 platform, "particularly on civil rights, labor-management relations and social responsibility." Representative Jacob Javits (N. Y.) asked why the GOP picked Lincoln Day to unveil its 1950 manifesto if the party did not intend to declare unequivocally for "FEPC, anti-lynching and anti-poll-tax legislation in the best Lincoln tradition."

Senator Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.), who deserves credit for strengthening the Democrats' civil-rights plank at the 1948 national convention, observed: "This may be the first step in legal love-making between Senate Republicans and Southern Democrats on the civil-rights issue. They've been engaged in illicit love, as indicated in voting, for about a year and a quarter."

McCLOY TALKS TURKEY

The most important clue to American policy toward Germany in many months came with last week's speech in Stuttgart by High Commissioner John J. McCloy. It was sharp enough in tone to upset the West Germans, even though everything in it had been told to them on previous occasions by various American spokesmen.

The West Germans, said McCloy, are going too slowly toward democratic principles. They must show more energy, and pay greater attention to their own affairs and less to what is happening in other parts of the world. While we do not blame all the Germans for Hitlerism, it remains true that most of them were extraordinarily docile and subservient, and we will not tolerate the present growing tendency to try to blame all of Germany's troubles on other countries.

There must be no thought of a German army or air force; even the federal police must be kept to a strict mini-

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mum. We remain opposed to cartels and the concentration of industry in general. The victims of the Nazis must be helped in every possible way; they must either get back their former properties or receive adequate compensation. Britain, France and America are united behind this policy. We have no thought of abandoning Berlin—an assurance that was read with special interest because of the reports that the Russians are planning a march on Berlin from the east by uniformed members of a Youth Movement.

To be sure, the Cold War still goes on; wooing of the Germans by East and West is still a part of that war and everybody knows it. Quite possibly we may now be holding back some concessions to the Germans to match possible Russian concessions in the future. What McCloy says about our hostility to cartels is painfully out of line with our past practices. Nevertheless, it is important to know that our State Department (for which McCloy was on this occasion only the mouthpiece) feels sufficiently confident at the moment to take such a stiff line.

UNEMPLOYMENT INCREASE

Estimates released by the Census Bureau for January show a rise of one million in the number of unemployed since December, to a new postwar peak of 4.5 million.

At this level the national unemployment ratio is more than seven percent.

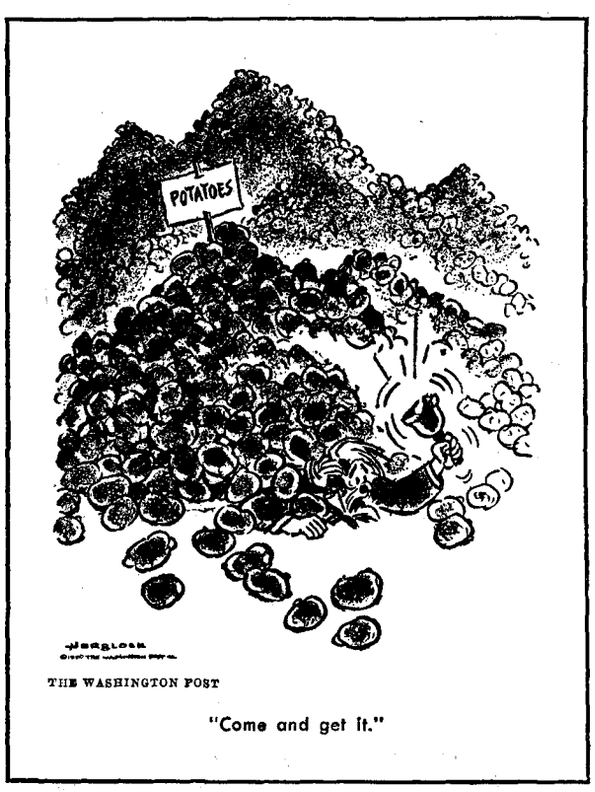
Like any over-all figure, the seven-percent average obscures a sharply higher incidence of unemployment among particular groups. The details are not available for January, but the December figures show that unemployment among young men is substantially double the national rate. It is likely that as many as 15 percent of all the men between the ages of 16 and 24 in the labor force are seeking work unsuccessfully. Similarly, December unemployment among both sexes of Negroes seeking work was 80 percent higher than for white workers.

Although Secretary of Commerce Sawyer has characterized the one-million rise in unemployment as a normal increase "to be expected between December and January because of seasonal developments," the Public Affairs Institute points out that the rise last year was about 700,000, and the year before only 400,000.

A "hard core" of unemployed has developed; new entrants into the labor force are finding it increasingly hard to get jobs, and people losing jobs are finding it increasingly difficult to be reëmployed.

According to Census Bureau estimates of the duration of unemployment, the number of persons out of work for longer than 15 weeks has more than tripled over the past year and at the present time is close to 1,000,000. The number of persons unemployed for 11 to 14, and 7 to 10 weeks has approximately doubled over the same period.

"The declining rate of employment turnover and the inability to absorb new workers —which result from a stability of total employment—presage a further rise in unemployment," Public Affairs Institute director Dewey Anderson warns.



"Come and get it."

THE SUPER-SPY

Several unanswered questions loom over the case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the man who may turn out to be the most notorious spy in history. Fuchs, who was privy to all, or nearly all, the highest secrets of the atomic bomb and the possible hydrogen bomb, spied for Russia for seven years, 1942-49, presumably telling his Communist masters everything he knew. An informed guess is that he advanced Russia's making of an atomic bomb by at least a year; what he may have done to help Moscow on a hydrogen bomb is not yet known.

Yet Fuchs had fled from Germany as a Communist refugee as early as 1933, six years before the beginning of the Second World War; that fact should not have been too difficult for the British to ascertain. He was plucked from two years' internment as an enemy alien, and invited to work on atomic energy; only one year later, he was dumped into highly secret problems at Columbia University, and only one year later still was at Los Alamos. We took the word of the British that he was all right; and the British apparently took his own word. In view of his confession, there can be no doubt of the outcome of his trial, which will begin about February 28. Among the unsolved mysteries of the case is why Fuchs turned against the USSR after seven years; it would be interesting to know whether Titoism was in any way a factor.

Quite apart from the immeasurable but certainly tremendous damage to the security of the Western powers that has been done by his espionage, the Fuchs case radiates harm in several directions. It worsens Anglo-American relations, which were bad enough already. It weakens the case for the sharing of atomic information among Great Britain, Canada and the US, even though such sharing means more rapid progress. It gives new fuel to the loyalty-testers and witch-hunters, in and out of Congress. It makes easier the defense, by the FBI and other agencies, of such practices as wire-tapping. It discourages American experts who have been protesting, rightly in our opinion, that excessive secrecy hampers scientific advance in general and military security in particular. From all these points of view, a sorry business.

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

The Moscow-subway story has been mentioned a number of times by participants in a bitter political controversy which has been raging all winter in Parisian intellectual circles. It is the one about the American visitor and his Soviet guide who make a tour of the underground railway in the Soviet capital. The architectural, esthetic and other glories of the place are pointed out by the guide, with appropriately proud speeches about Soviet achievements. But the visitor sees no trains, and after a while he begins punctuating each of the guide's speeches with the question: "Yes, but where are the trains?" For a while, he gets only longer and more eloquent speeches. Finally, however, the guide bursts out with: "Well, what about lynching in the South?"

The controversy, in which the subway story is supposed to have relevance, was begun last November when the leftist writer David Rousset published an article in the rightist weekly *Le Figaro Littéraire* wherein he called for the creation of an international committee to make an impartial investigation into forced-labor camps in the Soviet Union. The appeal was addressed primarily to men of all nations and all political views who, like Rousset, have served years of confinement in Nazi concentration camps. As such, coming from the author of *The Days of Our Death* and *The Concentrationary Universe,* it could not be brushed aside even by the Communists. Nor could it be ignored by fellow travelers who despise Rousset as a former colleague who has become a passionate anti-Stalinist. And leftists who questioned the use of a rightist publication as the proper vehicle for such an appeal nevertheless could not deny that in France, at least, there are plenty of rightists who know what concentration camps and forced-labor camps are like from personal experience.

Since November many French intellectuals have come out in support of the appeal. In one form or another, they have been asking publicly a question which can be summed up as: "If the Soviet Union really believes in human freedom and the emancipation of the oppressed of the world, why won't its government welcome an impartial international investigation of the forced-labor camps, the existence of which is denied not even by the Soviet authorities themselves?" Another faction of French intellectuals, however, has opposed the appeal. Men like Jean-Paul Sartre, M. Merleau-Ponty, Claude Bourdet of *Combat* and Emmanuel Mounier of *Esprit*, though professing to be as troubled as Rousset by the existence of the Soviet camps, have been parrying with a series of counter-questions which boil down to: "What about political torture in Greek and Spanish camps?"

It is at this point that the pro-appeal intellectuals bring in the Moscow-subway story. They do not deny for a moment that there is serious human injustice in Greece and Spain, that men are being "reëducated" by torture on the island of Makronesos, that forced labor has been officially reinstated in French Equatorial Africa, that oppression is an instrument of politics in Indo-China, Madagascar and French North Africa, and that all these examples of man's cruelty to man deserve searching investigation.

But, they insist, the Soviet forced-labor camps—where anywhere from a few million to as many as ten or fifteen or even more million men are kept for "corrective" or "reëducational" work—constitute as much of an economic fact as the presence or absence of the trains in the Moscow subway. In this sense they are comparable to the Nazi camps, whereas the Greek and Spanish camps are not. Both the Nazi and Soviet systems use large-scale forced labor; whether or not the men and women sent to them were chosen entirely by political criteria, the fact is that, once present in the camps, their labor became an element in the economic system. The building by political prisoners of the canal from the Baltic to the White Sea is an example. Thus, the argument runs, the appeal for an investigation stresses the situation in the Soviet Union not only because it is unjust, but because only in the USSR has human slavery been widely used for economic ends.

Some of the intellectuals opposed to the investigation come close to recognizing that the nature of the Soviet system is involved. For example, Merleau-Ponty and Sartre say, in a jointly written article in *Les Temps Modernes*:

> There can be no Socialism where one citizen out of every twenty of the population is in a camp. Nothing is served by answering that every revolution has its traitors, that the class struggle does not end with the insurrection, that the Soviet Union cannot defend itself from external enemies without taking care of domestic enemies, that Russia cannot get started on large-scale industry without violence. These answers are not valuable if after a third of a century since the revolution, a tenth of the male population, a twentieth of the whole population, is involved. . . . It means that the system endlessly recreates itself and equally ceaselessly recreates the opposition to itself.

The article goes on to say, however:

> No matter what the nature of present Soviet society, the Soviet Union is . . . situated, in the balance of forces, on the side of those who fight against all forms of exploitation. The fact that Russian Communism has become decadent does not make a myth of the class struggle or prove that free enterprise is possible or desirable. We conclude, therefore, not that we should be indulgent with Communism but that we should not under any circumstances make pacts with anti-Communism. The only healthy criticism is that which, both inside and outside the Soviet Union, attacks exploitation and oppression. It is most urgent to maintain at least a few islands where one loves and practises freedom otherwise than merely against the Communists.

To this Rousset answered:

> The essential fact is that the concentrationary world is the greatest of all the misfortunes of men. . . . Sartre proposes nothing. I, too, do not believe we can fight the Soviet camps in the company of Franco. But I believe we can do it with all the former deportees, with all those who were in the Resistance, regardless of these present politics. Did one, during the German Occupation, break away from a man who worked against the Nazis, because he was of the Right or of the Left?

PERCY WINNER

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JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

THE PENSION MANAGER in Barcelona is sure that I am a disguised German soldier. He thrust forward his glasses down his pointed nose when I signed the register, examined the signature through blinking, myopic eyes and congratulated me on having obtained "such an authentic" American passport. My loud protests were to no avail. I might have been a citizen of Mars with three legs and four waving antennae; the name "Friedenberg" labeled me as German, and that was that. I was not alone, he assured me slyly. Many of my friends could be found if I kept a sharp lookout.

The Spaniards know little of ethnic types. Since the advent of Franco, the tourist trade has practically disappeared. A whole generation of adolescents draw their knowledge of foreigners from the mythical mind of some state bureaucrat revising geography and history to accord with what are considered pure Spanish principles. I walk down the street and little urchins nudge each other. Turco? Francés? Inglés? Italiano?

The center of Barcelona could easily be mistaken for Columbus Circle by New Yorkers on a cloudy night. Neon lights flash wildly, trolley tracks careen into converging streets, large commercial signs beguile the gesticulating crowd with the newest cure for constipation, arthritis, love problems.

Tarragona. The lowest-price coaches of the train were so crowded at Barcelona that I had to jump through one of the windows in order to board. The peasants had stacked up huge loads of coal and firewood on the broken wooden slats which had once been seats. At each jolting pause of the local, these bottles and jars and mounds would be slung off and new ones hauled on. In one corner an old crone was spitting out her lungs in horrible, racking coughs; in another, a hunchback fluted a gay Catalonian tune through a homemade pipe. The odor of urine filled the air.

A gang of shoddy soldiers in our coach soon drained the jugs of wine they carried. Searching for more drink, they started to paw through the meager goods of the country people. Their boisterous, drunken antics formed a striking contrast with the calm dignity of the maltreated peasants, who sat quietly, offering no resistance. I noticed a clean-shaven man of about thirty watching the tipsy shouting soldiers with disgust. Our glances met.

"This isn't what I supposed Spain would be like," I said hesitantly.

"This isn't Spain," said he, with a strong tinge of sarcasm.

I felt reassured. "Tell me," I said, "why do their officers permit such conduct? After all, even if they don't care what these peasants think, they are all Spaniards, they are the same people."

"You are American, isn't that so?" His voice became a little thicker. "I can tell by your accent. Perhaps in America things are different. Perhaps in your country officers and ordinary soldiers are both American." He sighed, a strange, tired sigh coming from the throat of a young man. "I can't blame these drunken fools. We probably were the same. Instead of 3½ pesetas a day, we lived on our ideals. And we have since learned that 3½ pesetas and ideals are both wages on which you starve quickly."

I noticed that someone had given an orange to the old woman with the cough. She cut a hole in one side with her fingernail and sucked the dripping juice.

"Do you live nearby, Señor . . . ?" I asked, anxious to keep the conversation going. "My name is José," the man said quietly. "I am no señor but only an unemployed truck driver without a truck."

I felt slightly unclean, as one with money does in the face of poverty.

"Are times so bad?" I asked.

"Oh, times are good . . . good for the winner, as always." José smiled. He paused and then went on in a sudden rush of words. "To be a truck driver, you need a truck. To own a truck, you need a license. To get a license, you have to show that you were a 'true' Spaniard. And I wasn't a true Spaniard. I was a traitor. I was a Loyalist soldier."

The whistle of the locomotive shrilled in the night. A flicker of red showed through the windows. With a spasmodic series of grunts, the train started to come to a halt. The hunchback playing the flute derisively attempted to imitate the sound of the whistle in a long-drawn-out note that was cut off sharply as the travelers shouted together in excitement. We had arrived.

* * * * *

The full moon flooded the plaza. It was only ten o'clock but the city was silent; even the mangy curs

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had bedded. I can still see the taut expression on José's bitter face as he described to me how the German planes would swirl nightly over this shimmering square from their sea bed on the island of Mallorca, spraying with bullets the helpless Spanish soldiers. The same scars that still sear the city rock are reflected in the eyes of the unrepentant Catalonians. I did not meet a single person in this province who favored the regime of Franco. Some spoke in terms of the coöperative stores of the Republic; others of the weight of the military; yet others of that imponderable symbol called liberty, at whose tone the Spaniard lifts his heart: but all hate the name of Franco with a loathing beyond the comprehension of the tolerant American. The Spanish dictatorship makes no hypothetic allegiance to a "wave of the future" or the dialectic of a corporate state; it is a pure and simple repression of every liberal thought and action. The Masons are atheists. Anatole France and Victor Hugo are forbidden reading.

In Spain there is a singular phenomenon, a fervent desire not to attack the last century as perverted or destructive, but a simple faith that by a sort of anesthetic blanket the very memory of that century can be annihilated. The lead article in a typical day's newspaper, for example, retold the story of San Francisco de Sales, the patron of the journalists; this was flanked by a cut of the Saint looking into the distance while angels hovered around his halo. The next article of importance was a panegyric on Meditation, whose substance was that Spain, since it is the only country in Europe free from "*la maldad materialista*," alone deserves to be considered civilized. A church announcement and a synopsis of something said by the Pope received large boxes. Tidbits of local gossip filled most of the remaining space. Spanish authority is not concerned with the French Revolution and its implications; it has set up the time of Bruno and Galileo as the advent of depravity. The total effect is as though we were suddenly catapulted back into the sixteenth century. A frightening attempt is being made to reweave the fabric of society around the dignitaries of Church and State, the rentiers and conforming grandees of the nobility. History shows few ironies as absurd as the present-day view that America and Spain are common partners in a crusade to save Western civilization.

Estallenchs. Strangers are rare in this desolate coastal region. The whole town assembled to gaze at the foreigner hiking with knapsack on back. On discovering that I was an American, the commander of the civil guard honored me with a request to play dominoes. A typical Spaniard, he really wanted to talk politics. The expression of a political view by an American in such villages requires extreme tact; one is not merely

American but America; a Saint Paul, he speaks not for himself but through all eternity. Outside of one trip to Palma, the young officer had never traveled farther than twenty kilometers from his home and, like the other goatherds who crowded the room, derived all his political opinions from a local Falangist newsletter. In the metropolitan centers such as Barcelona and Valencia, the population interprets the news coming from the controlled press with cynicism. In these small towns, however, the press is regarded as the only contact with the outer world. A striking paradox results. The French reconstruction is being sabotaged by a series of strikes engineered by the Communists, who hope to paralyze France's recovery. In Barcelona and Valencia, the Spaniards feel that Franco is merely inventing another fantasy to stir up jaded feelings for his "Arriba España!" campaign. The Mallorcans, however, believe that France has already become a Communist stronghold. Extreme breeds extreme: consequently nobody knows what is actually happening.

Palma. Garcia L., one of the directors of the Spanish resistance movement in Paris, had given me a list of responsible underground leaders to contact while visiting his country. The head of the resistance unit in Palma, Pepito, as he was affectionately called by his comrades, was a shoemaker by profession. We sat down in an unlighted room behind his primitive shop and I tried to give him an account of world opinion vis-à-vis the Spanish situation. Because of my American nationality, Pepito was very cautious at first. During the last war the Loyalist underground had coöperated with the Allies in smuggling our beached fliers to Gibraltar. A Falangist spy, worming his way into the liaison with American intelligence, managed to obtain the names of the resistance groups in the northern provinces. It took the underground many months to regroup its cadres after this shock. What bothered the Loyalist high command was whether the slip had been accidental or deliberate. In the simple and unsophisticated Spanish manner of using his hands, Pepito gesticulated every unpleasant thought. Franco!: his right fist would unconsciously clench itself and the forearm would jump up tight against his shoulder; the Moors!: a quick jerk of the taut finger would slash across his throat; the Falange!: the right arm would swerve outward in a scythe gesture. The political redress was uncomplicated in its implications to Pepito.

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The next morning he invited me to go out with some of his fellow workers on a "sticker" campaign which consisted of pasting crimson placards announcing in big black letters "Down with Franco!" over every "Viva Franco!" emblem. We met at his shop shortly before dawn, carrying bread baskets, and calmly walked through the miserable slum districts. Two men would stand watch at each corner while another hastily swabbed the sheet with glue and slapped it over the sign. No attention was paid to the early-rising country peasants pulling mules laden with fresh vegetables for the marketplace. Aside from myself, the five revolutionaries were remarkably relaxed. If I hadn't known that this was the most dangerous activity possible in our world, I could easily have imagined them to be a group of American billboard workers getting an early start on the day's work.

Aboard the SS Ciudad de Alcira. Spaniards are either aristocrats or *canaille*. One has to visit Spain to realize the implications of the phrase "third class." In France, third class means one class below second, two below first; and each segment has its rights and values. Even mathematics follows new rules in Spain; one and one do not make two and the relation of one to three is that of infinity.

On the ship's bow, a gray tent is pitched in the midst of the cargo. Into this maw, devoid of lights, toilets and beds, is crammed a miscellany of adults and children. Forbidden to go beyond the limits of the piled cargo, these third-class passengers live on a cultural level that would nauseate a cave dweller. The shipping company has organized this class division so brilliantly that the other passengers, lodged astern in the superstructure, are unaware of their existence.

One reads of the rich possessing everything and the poor nothing; but there is a cosmic difference between words and experience. Although it is possible to adjust to filthy bodies and tattered clothes, to lice and bedbugs, the amenities of civilization are preferable. Those nostalgic fools who sigh for the "unity" of the Middle Ages should be compelled to settle briefly in a country such as Spain. One bugaboo of these Gothic romantics is our "efficiency"; we, the argument runs, have stopped being men and have become mere machines; no longer human beings, we are accountants, lawyers, scientists or what have you. If these crablike soothsayers could be plunged into a land devoid of all signs of efficiency, they would experience a reverse nostalgia for the time when an action assured that the invisible agents—the intermediate factors over which we have no control—would take care of themselves. The esthetic sense of the Spaniard is offended by such logic; he prefers to glide along in a sensory apprehension of the implications of incomplete activity.

Almeria. A monotonous, cold rain drives against the wall of this café in which I have taken shelter until our boat is unloaded. The moist air from the open-hearth fire has misted the dirty glass panes looking out into the dark, narrow street. The room is half-empty. At the scattered tables, a handful of cadaverous, tired old men sit musing over the dregs of their coffee left in the small earthen-gray cups. A huge rat scurries across the darkened back of the café; nobody stirs. Two weary workers lean over a game of cards, too listless even to dispute the moves. The swinging door opens cautiously and a tiny child with black, hopeless eyes, his teeth chattering from the biting wind, slides in to beg a piece of small change. One of his eyelids is completely eaten away by a festering sore. As he approaches my table, the impassive proprietor notices his stealthy movement and, rising from his chair behind the money table, raises a threatening fist. Like a disturbed snake, the half-starved beggar boy glides past the tables and out into the storm again.

The further south one travels in Spain, the more pitiable become the living conditions. Below Valencia, a condition becomes apparent which may best be characterized as *un-European.*

With the exception of a few churches, everything lasting of beauty in Spain is either Roman or Moorish. It is fascinating to conjecture why this country lags so far behind the rest of Western Europe. Spain developed with the West until the sixteenth century and then suddenly stood to the leeward. I doubt if one can ascribe this wholly to the Inquisition and the abortion of the middle class. Spain faced the Atlantic, as did England and France, and should have been incorporated into the subsequent economic relocation toward the New World. Much of the climate of the mountainous regions is as invigorating as that of Northern Europe. Yet after the days of Cervantes, Vega and the Spanish painters, culture dwindled into a feeble, imitative current; after Philip II, technology relapsed into a pre-Renaissance guild pattern. When the spirit of the Spanish people finally collected itself in one gigantic effort of liberation, it chose a most injudicious historic moment. Almeria has a memento of this unfortunate option; one can still see the bullet gashes inflicted in the bombardment by the "neutral" German battleship, the former *Graf Spee.*

Cordoba. The Guadalquivir River is at winter ebb. In the muddy effluvium, gypsies and vagrants have erected temporary shacks of crates and washwood. The scene is reminiscent of the Hoovervilles built during our great depression in the New Jersey garbage dumps. I stood on the 2,000-year-old Roman bridge under the Arab tower and looked across the still water. Urchins, half-clothed in the cold wind, begged for centavos; a

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gypsy with the features of an American Indian gathered wisps of paper and rags which eddied through the air; two mules lurched by, straining at a cart loaded with firewood. Here, somewhere within a hundred yards, one of my best friends had been machine-gunned during the Loyalist retreat. The things men die for: a sibilant word; a gayly colored rag; a non-existent sepulcher; an unborn infant. The blood stain of these waters has turned ocher. The same peasants, of peasants by peasants descended, shuffle into town past a watch-tower built by an alien invader, across the bridge erected by another invader superseded.

Cordoba gives one the impression of a dominant medieval stronghold left deserted for several hundred years, thence to be repopulated by an awe-filled tribe of swineherds. The pious inhabitants were celebrating a grand funeral. The services were given in the "Catholic" part of the world-famous mosque of a thousand and one arches. The distinction between the Catholic section and that left to the wandering ghosts of Islam was created by a strand of thin cord, a dichotomy which history may view as far from superficial. The pall of incense hung low under the vaulted ceiling; in the apse, long forgotten, a Moorish ox viciously fights off the sweeping attacks of a huge carved eagle.

The Barrio de Judios has been emptied of its Jewish inhabitants since the Reyes Católicos magnanimously permitted the Israelites either to turn Catholic to be executed quickly or to stand steadfast for a slow roasting.

Sevilla. My story-book picture of señoritas and glamorous ruins, of hidalgos and exotic music, has imperishably faded. One of my last conversations was with the bus driver who took us to the airport. He was complaining of conditions. I asked him why he didn't emigrate. Pointing to a filthy hovel down the square, he retorted with a grandiose Spanish gesture: "There my father's father was born; there my father was born; there I was born; there I want to die." It was by such sentiment that the coral reefs, but not modern civilization, were built. Whether Spain needs a purgation or America ought to grow barnacles: it all depends on the point of view.

NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE IN OAKLAND

by Emerson Street

INTERRACIAL PROBLEMS are not new in the San Francisco Bay area, but they have become more numerous and difficult since the war brought about heavy shifts in population. In the last decade the number of Negroes in the Bay district has quintupled. In Oakland, cases of police brutality toward minority groups appear to have increased in direct proportion to the growth of Negro population.

The situation got so bad that last month a legislative committee moved into town and began a public inquiry. The disclosures were not without precedent but were none the less unpleasant. Thirty-three citizens gave testimony about numerous beatings and insults and one killing, and the hatred and mistrust engendered by violence. Twenty-six policemen took the stand; all denied any wrongdoing.

The words of accusers and accused were recorded on wax. It took 16 hours to play them back. When the evidence was in, the committee found that "it would be expected . . . that some degree of truth exists in the complaints of citizens. . . ."

The complaints varied in gravity but were uniform in pattern. Some of the cases:

¶ Annie Lee Harris, a Negro housewife of good repute, was arrested and jailed for three days for venereal tests, which proved negative.

¶ George B. McDaniel, a Negro gardener, said the police beat him because he refused to admit being an accomplice in the robbery of his own home; the police later admitted that they had found the robbery charge false.

¶ Stanley Wilson, a Negro guitarist, walked into the police station to pay a traffic fine and got a beating, he said, when his white wife came to the station.

¶ Melvin Cunningham, a Negro machinist, said that a patrol-wagon driver kicked him in the abdomen and ruptured his bladder. Cunningham sued the city. Later he appealed for police help when attacked by a man with a knife. He was recognized as the plaintiff in a civil suit against the municipality and arrested "for investigation."

¶ Andrew L. Hines, Negro cannery worker, was picked up on "suspicion of loitering" in front of his home, taken into the house and shot to death in the presence of witnesses. The policeman who shot him said he thought Hines was reaching for a gun, but the Negro was not armed. The policeman is still on duty.

The committee which heard these stories was headed by Vernon L. Kilpatrick, Democratic Assemblyman from a Los Angeles district. It was authorized last year to enter any state or local prison in California to interview prisoners. The situation in Oakland was brought to its attention by the East Bay Civil Rights Congress whose

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numerous protests to municipal authorities had got lost in City Hall.

In addition to the persons directly involved in the incidents of violence, Kilpatrick called for the testimony of social scientists, attorneys, ministers of the gospel and others concerned with civic welfare. They described a steadily deteriorating situation in which the local officials seemed to be making no attempt to reduce the interracial tension with any method more advanced than the law of the nightstick.

"Unfortunately," one Negro minister said, "there seems to be a deep-rooted feeling among Negroes that the police are a common enemy."

Howard Desky, white attorney and former chairman of a special municipal civic-unity committee, said:

"There appears to be a complete ignorance [in the police department] of race-relations problems."

Desky testified that the special committee had investigated the Hines shooting and had concluded that the policeman had "shot prematurely."

Dr. Alice Sarvis, whose experience with problems of race relations includes study in the Deep South and internship at a Harlem hospital, said that in her capacity as psychiatric social consultant to the Oakland Education Department she had found fear and mistrust of the police universal among youth of the minorities. She said she had "yet to hear an expression toward police other than hostility."

After hearing the witnesses in person and then reviewing their testimony by use of the recordings the Kilpatrick committee observed:

that there appeared no evidence that proper city officials have, in any of the cases of alleged brutality, taken disciplinary action. . . . In view of the many charges of brutality heard before the committee, considered together with evidence that no particularly high standards of in-service training have yet been developed for Oakland city police . . . it would be expected that some degree of truth exists in the complaints of citizens that in the normal course of affairs disciplinary action against delinquent police officers would have occurred in at least some instances.

Special attention was paid to testimony that the new citizens of the minority groups in the Bay area were preponderantly youthful. The legislators remarked the lasting effects of the recent arrivals' impression of local government and observed that the "value of fair treatment of these persons and the consequent benefits . . . to all society could not be overemphasized."

The committee recommended that "the Legislature take the necessary action to provide standards of minimum qualification in education and training for all law-enforcement officers in the state."

That recommendation appeared to be the only definite result of the inquiry up to the time of its being recessed without date, although Kilpatrick indicated that further steps may follow when he remarked that "the case is not closed as far as Oakland is concerned."

It was evident that the inquiry was not wholly reassuring to the Negro community, whose attitude was reflected by a witness named Lena Lee. When she was asked why she had not testified more emphatically about the Hines shooting which occurred in her presence, she said:

"Man, that committee is here today and gone tomorrow, but I see those policemen every day."

HAROLD L. ICKES: *Let the President Lead*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN could do nothing short of authorizing the hydrogen bomb. He took the prompt and decisive action that he did in accordance with what seemed to be the overwhelming desire of the people. The people want to proceed at once with the making of an H-bomb, but even more keenly they want peace.

There has been much talk about peace since the defeat of the Fascist dictators, Franco of Spain alone excepted. No one who lived through World War II, to say nothing of the First, could fail to pray that no child of his would ever be exposed to a Third World War which inevitably would be even more destructively and more frightfully waged than was the Second. Yet we are riding, with uncertain balance, on the crest of an avalanche. Only just ahead of us, yawns an abyss into which the human race may precipitate itself.

So far, we have not made an organized and determined effort to attain peace. On the contrary, we have talked provocatively. Possessed of the atom bomb, we have insisted upon conditions that have been unacceptable to others. Now, as Walter Lippmann has said, there should be a "reëxamination by a new and impartial commission" since we no longer possess the atom bomb exclusively. Another and more terrible war will be inevitable if we do not stop the armaments race in which we are engaged with Russia.

Fortunately, we have one last chance. However, we must decide at once whether we have the wish and the will for peace, or whether we are of so little consequence to ourselves and to the world that the sooner the abrupt end comes, the better. More than an easy acquiescence in a tepidly expressed wish for peace is required. We must be willing not only to sacrifice but to fight for peace.

As a start, Congress should heed the renewed demand of Senator Millard E. Tydings for the convening of an

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international conference with the "single duty" of bringing about the disarmament of the nations. Along with moving in the direction of disarmament, there must be a rebirth of the spirit that animated men, women and children in the Middle Ages, to disregard almost unendurable privations and physical disasters while pressing on to the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. There must be a crusade for peace, a crusade participated in by everyone who believes in the essential dignity of the human being and who possesses a glimmer of the spirit that he does not wish to see extinguished.

The times call for an authentic Peter the Hermit to arouse the people to the peril that threatens the divine spark that God has breathed into the creature that He is said to have fashioned in His own image. They call for a questioning look at a new and frightening situation. They call for such a dedication and devotion to social ideals as animated the founders of the republic. They call for devotion, self-sacrifice, an outpouring of the spirit. They call for a leader. They also call for a willingness to follow. Leadership without a following is as sterile as a following without leadership.

Here in America the times call for the President elected by the people to undertake the principal task for which he was elected, that of aggressive leadership in the cause of peace. We remember President Truman fighting brilliantly and deathlessly in the personal contest that involved the highest office in the world. He was undefeatable in 1948 because he would not be defeated. Then only the presidency was at stake. Now that the survival, not only of America but of the world, is at issue, it is his duty to go anywhere and everywhere to fight like a flaming evangel to save from befoulment and destruction the Christian civilization in which he believes and of which he is the most potent leader.

If I understand what Senator Vandenberg meant when he discussed, on the floor of the Senate, President Truman's decision on the H-bomb, it was that we ought to engage the moral support of the United Nations. With this principle, there should be instant and wholehearted agreement. Senator McMahon's idea of a "crusade" had already occurred to many who yearn for a stable peace in the world. But his suggestion that the United States should undertake to finance a $50 billion "global Marshall Plan" was as new as it was striking. Certainly a dependable world peace would be cheap at that, or even a greater, price. Whatever the cost, the United States must be willing to pay its share. Perhaps we might pledge to devote to peaceful civilian developments throughout the world whatever we might be able to save on our armaments bill.

The fight for peace must be financed but, more than this, it must have imaginative, resourceful and aggressive leadership. The religious crusades of the Middle Ages did not start themselves. Neither did they lead themselves. They were not confined to one nation. Those who took up arms against the infidels came from all of the Christian nations of Europe. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Hungarians and Italians fought shoulder to shoulder. Such a global war as is again threatened can be prevented only by a tremendous global effort.

Just as America must be looked to supply the greater part of the means that must be devoted to averting a catastrophic war, so must America, as the greatest government of free people in the world, furnish the leadership in any crusade for peace. As I have indicated, the man—the only man—who is naturally cast for such a role is the freely elected democratic leader of a free democratic people. Just as Peter the Hermit preached the religious crusade in many lands, so should President Truman rally to his standard all of those everywhere who yearn for peace, not only for our own but for all time.

As a necessary prelude to an appeal to men and women who desire peace, wherever they may be, the President should demonstrate to other countries that his own is behind him solidly and enthusiastically. To assure this would require a moratorium on politics so far as he is concerned. Although this is an election year, President Truman might appropriately let it be known that, neither directly nor indirectly, as a public official or as a citizen, will he participate in the coming political campaign. Following such an announcement to this effect as would not be doubted by any decent American, he should preach his crusade for peace widely enough at home so that our citizens acquainted with his high purpose could rally to the standard that he had raised.

And just as leaders of the crusades in the Middle Ages visited other lands than their own to win support for their cause, so should President Truman. He should appeal to the peace-loving peoples of the world, particularly those in Western Europe. I am confident that speeches in such centers as London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, Stockholm and others would attract such attention and elicit such an enthusiastic response as would burn its way through a curtain of the thickest asbestos. I would also hope that President Truman would give the Soviet government the opportunity to invite him to speak in Moscow. But even if this could not be brought about, it cannot be doubted that the sincere effort of the American President to contribute to the peace that all of the people of the world crave would become known to every citizen in the vast Soviet Empire, as well as to all who dwell in the satellite countries.

The people want the H-bomb, Mr. President, but they have no faith in it as a Maginot Line. They desire it as an aid to peace and they have trustfully placed it in your hands for that single purpose. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

HOMAGE TO GEORGE ORWELL

by James Stern

"OF COURSE, you realize . . . that whoever wins this war, we shall emerge a second-rate nation." . . . "You know, there's only one remedy for all diseases—I mean Death."

These remarks were addressed, not during World War II by one adult to another, but in 1915 to Cyril Connolly* by his twelve-year-old friend George Orwell, who died last month of tuberculosis.

Orwell's passing has deprived the world of a man whom critics still unborn may well describe as the most important English writer to have lived his whole life during the first half of the twentieth century. Today, without fear of contradiction, we can say that England never produced a novelist more honest, more courageous, more concerned with the common man—and with common sense. Whether in fiction, autobiography, satire, pamphlets or criticism, Orwell never looked back with regret; he wrote constantly of the most urgent contemporary problems, always with the warning voice of the prophet. To literature, to the young and confused, his loss is incalculable.

In a penetrating analysis of T. S. Eliot's "A Choice of Kipling's Verse" (*Horizon*, February, 1942), Orwell observed that "Much in [Kipling's] development is traceable to his having been born in India and having left school early. With a slightly different background he might have been a good novelist. . . ." Had Orwell himself in mind? Though this is doubtful—for less vain, less subjective a writer never lived—it's a fact that Orwell was born in India and that at the age when Kipling was sub-editing the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, Orwell was still at Eton, being beaten by his contemporaries for turning up late for prayers. Thirteen years later (five of them spent in the Indian Imperial Police), Orwell produced his one strictly orthodox as well as his best novel—a far more balanced picture of Anglo-Indian life than anything written by Kipling. Had the Eton "background" helped to create *Burmese Days*, that tragic anti-imperialist satire about a corrupt native politician's efforts to get himself elected to the white men's club and the helplessness of a colonial caught between his loyalty to a Burmese doctor and the pukka-sahibism of his colleagues?

One is tempted to cry "Not bloody likely," but it is not improbable. What is probable is that without the "background" Orwell—though he would always have been "a good novelist"—could not have acquired that rare sense of compassion, of justice, that runs through all his work. His great fortune, enhanced of course by the integrity of his character, was that while still in his twenties he had absorbed, had saturated himself in some of the extreme forms of human living in three totally different countries. What other Old Etonian has been a cop in the colonies, literally *Down and Out in Paris and London*, served at table, washed dishes and peeled potatoes sixteen hours a day in both smart and stinking French restaurants? What son of a blimp has tramped in lice-infested rags the streets of English cities, starved, slept with thieves and beggars, and yet—neither thieving nor begging—retained his soul, his sense of humor, and written an entertaining, illuminating social document of men damned by society through no fault of their own?

Where did this ex-King's Scholar, ex-member of the Imperial Police, ex-tramp and ex-scullion go from the flophouses of London? He went to the sprawling slums of Newcastle and Sheffield, to the unemployed mining districts of South Wales, then sat down and hammered out *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937). A choice of the Left Book Club, *The Road* was Orwell's first popular success. Because he never ceased to shock the middle classes, it was also his last—until the publication of *Animal Farm*, probably of all his works the weakest. Fearful though *The Road* is as an indictment of poverty and oppression, its author does not lose his sense of fair play. In an attack, not on D. H. Lawrence whom he greatly admired, but on the inverted snobbery of the proletarian intelligentsia who "sneer automatically at the Old School Tie," Orwell can say: "Lawrence tells me that because I have been to a public school I am a eunuch." Stating that he can "produce medical evidence to the contrary," he adds, with typical objectivity: "If you want to make an enemy of a man, tell him that his ills are incurable."

Unlike Lawrence (who, incidentally, died of the same illness at the same age), Orwell, however angry, seldom sneered at what he abominated, did not touch what he did not know. (To those well acquainted with huntin'-and-shootin' England, whole sections of *Lady Chatterly* are utterly absurd.) Again, unlike that genius, Orwell did not travel the world in search of health and a home: he spent the best years of his life, thereby shortening it, on English soil in a ceaseless battle for Socialism—the only ism "compatible with common decency." A man of action, he wrote out of the sheer physical experiences he had shared with the men in the mine, the slum, the suburb. A few such experiences would have caused many tougher men to lose heart. He didn't. Only near the end, in the superstate nightmare of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, did Orwell, already mortally ill, cast aside his humor.

His most humorous book, in fact, a work as steeped in middle-class English life as any early novel by Wells (by whom he was obviously influenced), was written during those awful months leading up to "Munich," after Orwell had been seriously wounded fighting

**Enemies of Promise*, Revised Edition (Macmillan, 1948).

With the exception of *The Road to Wigan Pier* (not published in the US) all the books by Orwell mentioned in this review are published by Harcourt, Brace.

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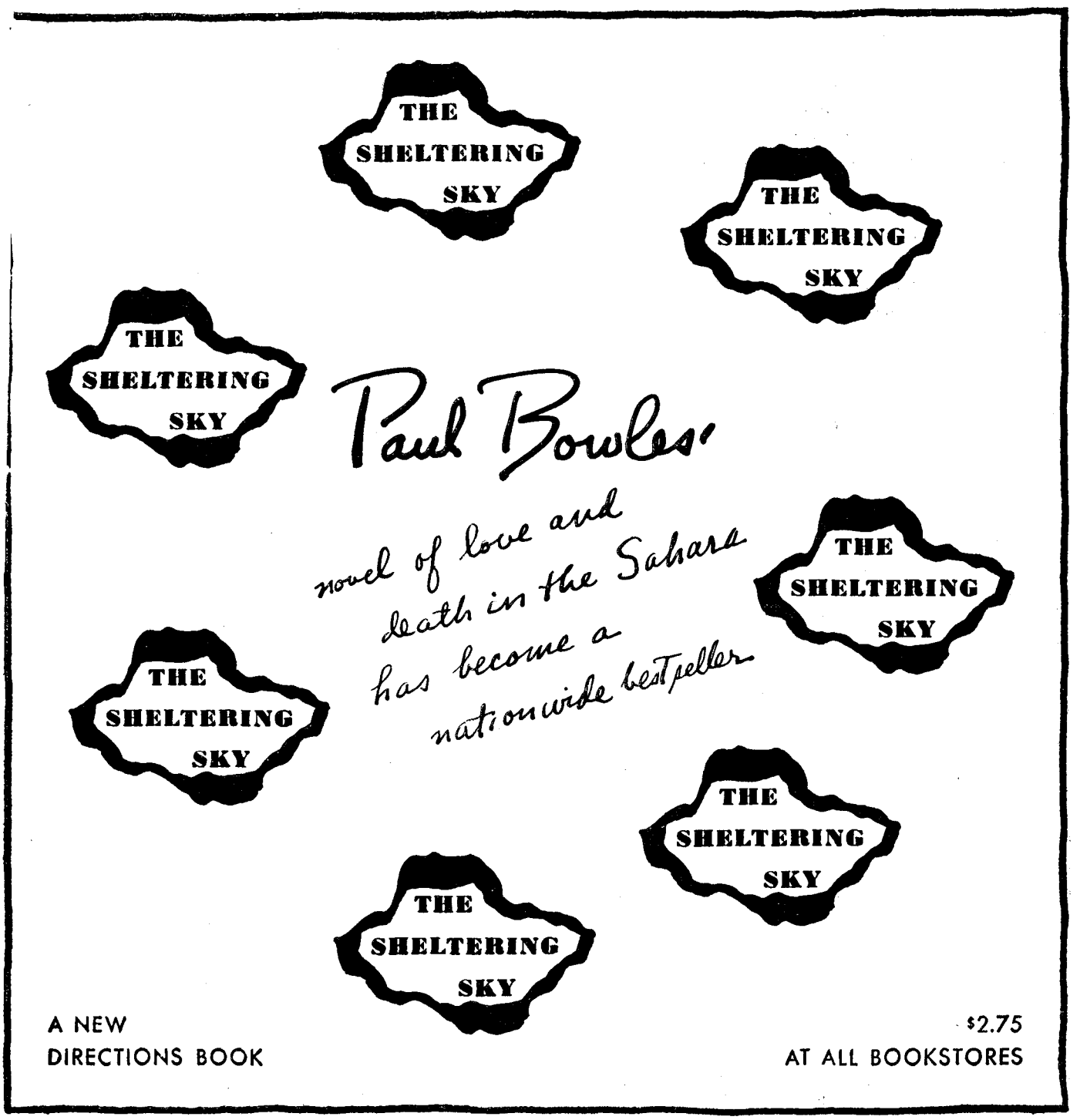
Fascism in Spain. *Coming Up for Air* (now published in the US for the first time) is a masterpiece of characterization, an astonishing *tour de force*. "Do you know the active, hearty kind of fat man," asks George Bowling, the narrator, "that's nicknamed Fatty or Tubby and is always the life and soul of the party? I'm that type. . . . A chap like me is incapable of looking like a gentleman." Now how is it possible for a middle-aged suburban insurance agent thus to describe himself? How, moreover, could such a man write a book about his life, his innermost thoughts, and get away with it? It is possible only because Bowling of Lower Binfield had Orwell's honesty, because the India-born Old Etonian had the Bowlings of Britain nearest his heart, every nuance of their speech on the tip of his tongue. Though deadly serious—a novel that, on the eve of World War II, expressed the almost inexpressible fears of every Englishman, warning them in frightening detail of the coming catastrophe—*Coming Up* has a guffaw on every page. It is probably the only book in which Orwell returned to the past. By so doing, he painted a picture of middle-class England from 1893 to 1938. Through this one man's memories and a return to the scenes of his childhood, Orwell shows how the Bowlings of the villages near London were sucked inexorably into the city, how the country was swallowed up by factories, how the pubs gave way to fancy tea shoppes, the dignified hotels to pewter and chromium, and the deep pond in which young George used to fish for carp to a vast dump for cans.



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Disgusted, the middle-aged Bowling turns his back on the ruined land:

> I'll tell you [he says] what my stay in Lower Binfield taught me. . . . *It's all going to happen.* All the things you've got at the back of your mind, the things you're terrified of . . . the bombs, the food queues, the rubber truncheons, the barbed wire, the coloured shirts, the slogans, the enormous faces, the machine-guns squirting out of bed-room windows. It's all going to happen.

Well, we know what happened. We know that the boy who predicted that Britain would "emerge a second-rate nation" from World War I was one of the millions who helped prevent those guns from squirting out of English windows in World War II. Does this make him, as some critics have inferred, a false prophet, a man who, because he was born in India and educated at Eton, didn't know that those incapable of looking like gentlemen are as capable as any gent of behaving like heroes? It is more likely that Orwell, just because he knew and loved the Bowlings so well, loathed and feared "the streamlined men" so much, felt no cry of warning could be uttered too loud.

Irish-born James Stern is the author of The Heartless Land *and* Something Wrong, *short-story collections, and* The Hidden Damage, *a study of postwar Germany.*

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

OUR SOVEREIGN STATE. Edited by Robert S. Allen (The Vanguard Press; $5).

A GRAMMAR OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Wilfred E. Binkley and Malcolm C. Moos (Alfred A. Knopf; $6).

AMERICANS need to know more about the politics of democracy. The United States is the greatest of democracies, but democratic theory is often confused and democratic practice often misconceived. While there is great political activity, there is even greater political illiteracy. Here lies the real American dilemma, for there is a continuing crisis in government. But the crisis derives less from constitutional than from intellectual vestiges. The real enemy of democracy is not Russia; it is ignorance—ignorance of the nature of democracy, of its operation, and of its possible scope. The value of studies in political science depends upon the degree to which that ignorance is diminished.

Both these volumes tell a great deal, but do they tell what we need to know? Power is at the root of politics—the struggle for power, the uses of power, the accountability for power—but *A Grammar of American Politics*, although devoted to analysis of government "in terms of human motivation," scarcely begins to discuss it. *Our Sovereign State*—a portrayal of conditions in twelve states—is good, but not good enough. Pallid in contrast to Steffens, it brings political shame up to date in the colorful Gunther manner. Yet, like the work of Steffens and Gunther, it is mere reporting, although of a high order. Bosses are not destroyed by reportorial zeal nor do organized minorities yield to purity in reformist hearts. Local machines and the fine art of corruption reflect interests, and the only way yet discovered of smashing the power of organized minorities is by the power of organized majorities. Organized majorities are parties.

The *Grammar* exhibits remarkable skill in dissection, but the virtues of dissection constitute its greatest weakness. The anatomy of politics is far less significant than the physiology of democratic processes, and the processes simply fail to emerge.

An excellent chapter is devoted to parties, but the basic issue of transforming party *politics* into party *government* is still unresolved. Likewise leadership, unrelated to party government, is an abstraction. Democratic change in contemporary society seems to depend upon national parties and national party leadership. Nowhere is there an adequate discussion of the growing separation between knowledge and power—a dramatic evidence of the sociology of drift. There are men who possess the knowledge to perceive probable consequences in advance of their occurrence but are unable to make contact with the men who have the power of making decisions. Certainly, these are parts of the grammar of American politics. They are the ultimate problems at the heart of the current struggle for power and the continuing democratic struggle for the power to govern.

BERT JAMES LOEWENBERG

Bert James Loewenberg is professor of American History at Sarah Lawrence College and author of The United States: American Democracy in World Perspective *and the forthcoming* The Making of American Democracy.

DEMOCRACY AND GOLD

THE MEDICI, by Ferdinand Schevill (Harcourt, Brace; $4).

UNDER COVER of telling the story of the great century in the histories of Florence and the Medici family, Dr. Schevill maneuvers two deliciously Old World historic conceptions into position: the first, that the rapid decline of Italy after the brilliant episode of the Renaissance was due to the political consequences of the French invasion of 1494; the second, that the withering away of Florentine culture was the result of the extinction of the city's civil liberties in 1530. The fascination of coming on these conceptions in the neighborhood of the University of Chicago lies in their being precisely those which led William Ewart Gladstone to preside benignly over the Risorgimento like an agent of Alcoholics Anonymous helping a lost member of society back onto his feet. Italy, the British liberals thought, was suffering from the indolence and moral frailty invariably (Ireland proved it) associated with Roman Catholicism: there was nothing wrong with the country that clean living, hard work and liberal parliamentary institutions of a sound bicameral type would not cure. Many Italians were induced to share these simple beliefs, with the result that Italy became Mussolini's in due time and is now in danger of becoming Togliatti's.

The Victorians, who shared Dr. Schevill's view of Italian history, sold democracy to the Italians as a cure for all their ills, and swore it would win them back the glories of the Renaissance. As a result of interpreting history in the light of a contemporary political problem they lost sight of the central Italian problem, which is not a political matter at all. The great liberal fiasco of late nineteenth-century Italy hinged on the failure to recognize that there was no way of voting Italy the resources which nature had failed to provide and without which no state can be prosperous in the modern world.

Italy was rich by medieval standards, and the full glory of the Renaissance was financed on the closed economy of medieval Europe. The critical event of the Renaissance was the destruction of those medieval standards and the open-

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ing of the economy to the accompaniment of an appalling inflation. Dr. Schevill's date for the eclipse of the glories of Florence is near enough to that of the payment of Atahualpa's ransom to Pizzaro. This amounted to between $12 and $14 million in gold. The city of Florence had not that much money, and all of Europe had only about $175 million in gold and silver at the time. The ransom itself would have had a significant inflationary effect, but it was a trivial sum in relation to the torrent of gold that was poured through Spain and into Europe between 1492 and 1600. In the first half of the period the amount of gold and silver in Europe increased by 50 percent; in the second half it was multiplied by four. The economic crisis that unavoidably resulted ended forever the situation in which Italy, without natural resources, could be rich. During the century her wealth remained more or less constant, while commodity prices rose by as much as 400 percent. Those who have lived through a sizable part of the past 50 years on fixed incomes will appreciate what that means.

The doctrine that the blight which fell on the brilliant Italian scene at the close of the Renaissance was due to a political mistake is a most dangerous one, and it is vital to realize that the problems with which Spain, Italy and Greece are faced are not due to any untimely divergence from the democratic path. If America believes this, as Britain did when she was the dominant power in the Mediterranean, the tragi-comedy of the establishment of non-viable democracies will be repeated with the inevitable consequences. History can teach us nothing if we take contemporary political allegiances to it; it can only feed our most harmful illusions.

ANTHONY WEST

Anthony West has been fiction critic for the New Statesman and Nation (London) since 1939, and during the war was a news writer for the British Broadcasting Corporation. He is the author of The Vintage.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Verdict in Dispute, by Edgar Lustgarten (Scribner's; $2.50).

Every criminologist, whether amateur or professional, can name a dozen cases in which he claims—and can cogently back up his assertions—that Justice nodded if in fact she didn't go into a coma. Most students of crime are not interested, except as curiosities, in the mass murderer—Landru or George Joseph Smith—but let Florence Maybrick, Lizzie Borden, William Herbert Wallace or Edith Thompson be mentioned and the arguments of supporters and attackers will keep you from your bed till dawn.

Edgar Lustgarten—whose superb thriller based on Jack-the-Ripper, *One More Unfortunate,* edged into the field James Roughead and Edmund Pearson blazoned—gives these disputants further ammunition in his studies of some famous murder trials over whose outcome the experts still profoundly disagree. In *Verdict in Dispute,* Lustgarten takes six *causes célèbres* of the last 60 years—Mrs. Maybrick, Steinie Morrison, Norman Thorne, Bywaters-Thompson, W. H. Wallace, and Lizzie Borden. He says he has tried "not only to analyze the facts but to recreate the atmosphere in which these trials were fought, so that the reader can determine the dominating influences that led to their unsatisfactory result—shortcomings of counsel, ineptitude of judge, prejudice of jury. . . ." He has succeeded brilliantly.

E. H.

CULTURAL MEANING OF THE BIBLE

¶ Louis Wallis's *The Bible and Modern Belief* explains from a novel scientific point of view the significance of the Bible as a fact in your inherited cultural tradition. The concepts of this new and arresting book have already become a factor in class work at leading theological seminaries throughout the country.

¶ The Chairman of the Department of Semitic Languages at Harvard, Robert H. Pfeiffer, writes:

> Dropping everything else, I devoted the day to this fascinating new volume. I like it immensely. It shows the deep conflict between Ephraim and Judah and the efforts of ecclesiastical Judaism to play down and even eliminate the contributions of Ephraim to the advance of Biblical religion. Both Jews and Christians owe Louis Wallis a debt of gratitude for this illuminating volume.

¶ Professor Isaac G. Matthews, of the Crozer Theological Seminary, writes:

> The "Tabernacle in the Wilderness" is, for the first time, shown to be what scholars have suspected,—a priestly fiction. Yet all the essentials of religion are conserved.

¶ The book emphasizes that the ancient Hebrew people never had a Bible; that the Hebrew nation passed out of existence, leaving only a single remnant—the tribe of Judah, from which is derived the name Jew; and that the Bible which we have was actually created by Judaic scribes, working in the Babylonian Captivity and after.

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MUSIC: Upheaval at the Opera

"APART from murder, there is hardly any crime I am not already suspected of," Rudolf Bing, manager-designate of the Metropolitan Opera, told a roomful of reporters at his first press conference a few days ago. After 12 weeks spent in quiet observation of the company's operations in the last of its 15 seasons under Edward Johnson's management, the 48-year-old Austrian-born executive was ready to discuss his first season, to open on November 6.

The bombs fell thick and fast. Kirsten Flagstad will rejoin the company, to sing in Beethoven's "Fidelio," Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and one of two scheduled cycles of the "Ring." Bruno Walter, absent from the pit since 1946, will come back to conduct "Fidelio." The repertory will be reduced from 26 operas to about 18, to allow more time for preparation. All singers will be required to arrive on the scene in time for several weeks of rehearsal, and to remain in New York throughout the repetitions of the operas in which they appear. The year will be divided into two subscription series of nine performances each, instead of the present single series of eighteen.

In view of the controversy that has centered upon her because of her wartime residence in Norway, Mme. Flagstad's reëngagement got the headlines and dulled the impact of Bing's other announcements. Rumors had leaked out a few days earlier and, whether by coincidence or forethought, Helen Traubel, unquestioned queen of the Wagnerian repertory since Mme. Flagstad's departure, informed the press that she would not return to the Metropolitan in the fall, since Bing had not yet proffered her the "courtesy" of discussing her contract. To those who knew that most of the current contracts were signed between June and September, 1949, Miss Traubel's wrath seemed a bit premature. Her feelings were soon assuaged, however, for by the time Bing made his official statement, she had already agreed to sing in "Tristan" and the other "Ring" cycle, and to undertake for the first time the role of the Marschallin in Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier."

Lauritz Melchior, the company's most renowned Wagnerian tenor, was more determined. Maintaining that Bing had also affronted him by not submitting a contract, he announced that his appearance in the title role of "Lohengrin," the day after the press conference, would be his last at the Metropolitan, at least as long as Bing remains in charge. Melchior's experience and assurance have made him an asset to the Metropolitan's Wagner repertory over the past 24 years. In recent seasons, however, he has often been unwilling to attend rehearsals, seeming to consider his presence in performances a sufficient largess to bestow upon the company.

Bing's rejection of what he termed Melchior's "ultimatum" demonstrated his resolve to "run this house—unmoved by promises or threats—on the principle of quality only." Apparently, the Metropolitan is going to be controlled by its manager, not by its individual singers. Responding to Bing's demand that they "put the Metropolitan's interests first and not use it only as a label to improve their market value for concerts," many of the principal artists promptly indicated their willingness to devote from 10 to 20 uninterrupted weeks to opera performances—an unprecedented commitment in these days of large-scale national recital business.

The constant changing of casts without providing ensemble rehearsals for the new members has been one of the grotesqueries of the present regime. This season, for example, "Die Meistersinger" has been given with a different cast each time, and three prima donnas have appeared in five performances of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." This practice will disappear, Bing promises, and later performances will be sung by those who rehearsed the opera in the first place. Each opera will be a coherent ensemble, presented by a stage director, a conductor, and singers who have arrived at some sort of common agreement, and no Melchiors will greet their colleagues for the first time in full public view on the stage. The opening night will be removed from the subscription series and turned into a musical event rather than a social shambles.

Bing is now auditioning all the members of the company with whose work he is not thoroughly acquainted. A number of singers are sure to be dropped, for a few members of the present personnel are, to put it unfeelingly, superannuated, and some others have never been competent. Bing appears to feel that every artist at the Metropolitan should be required to demonstrate his right to appear there. Obviously he is a courageous executive, unafraid of backbiting and willing to face the repercussions inevitably resulting from his artistic house-cleaning. The anti-Bing cabal, as anyone in the opera world can testify, is already getting down to business. To many people at the Metropolitan and on its fringes, the application of quality as a decisive criterion is both novel and outrageous.

Issues more basic than the attitude of the public toward the presence of Flagstad or the absence of Melchior still confront Bing. He must elevate the rest of his conducting staff to the level of Walter, Fritz Reiner and Fritz Stiedry. He must find régisseurs capable of scraping away the dry rot that encrusts the Metropolitan's ancient stage direction. And he must surround himself with a loyal administrative personnel.

In this last department, he has already made four excellent appointments. Max Rudolf, an admirable musician who has been serving as an assistant conductor and musical secretary, has been promoted to the position of head of artistic administration. John Gutman has been appointed general assistant in the artistic departments. He is a dark horse, with little practical experience in the operatic field, but I can testify through personal acquaintance to his taste and disinterestedness. Francis Robinson, former press representative for Katharine Cornell and more recently tour director for the Metropolitan, has been handed the task of organizing the new subscription system and modernizing ticket sales generally. Reginald Allen, one-time manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has been named business manager.

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Metropolitan. Bing can act firmly, yet with practical idealism. The promotional skill he has already shown at the Edinburgh Festival and the high quality of his new appointments provide an exciting augury. He inspires belief in those who know him. Despite the sniping of those whom he has frozen out, he is likely to create a climate in which high achievements are again possible at the Metropolitan. CECIL SMITH

MOVIES

Interim Report

IT WAS a fine season while it lasted, but the slump has set in. Not counting revivals and a few long-run hits left over from the Christmas holidays, nothing playing in the first-run New York houses last week was worth more than a casual glance. "Young Man with a Horn," "Stromboli" and "The Astonished Heart" (Noel Coward) are now opening and they'd better be good or we are in for a continuing recession. The following films, seen out of a sense of duty, are reported on in much the same spirit.

"Key to the City," starring Clark Gable and Loretta Young and with a supporting cast that includes James Gleason, Lewis Stone and the late Frank Morgan, is billed as a boisterous riot of laughs and love—it has about as much bounce as a dead tennis ball. Variations on this ill-starred, and athletic, romance between an ex-longshoreman and a lady Ph.D. from Harvard have been staple camera fodder for at least a generation, and "Key to the City" meticulously employs every bromide in the file. A fair sample of the picture's wit and originality is the scene in which Gable, dressed in velvet shorts for a masquerade, is locked out of his hotel room and forced to disport himself in the lobby.

"Gigi," from Paris, has been greeted in the daily press with a generous sprinkling of leers and ooh-la-las. It is said to be wittily naughty in the manner of Toulouse-Lautrec, but I found it airless and smelling strongly of patchouli. The story, from a novel by Colette, concerns a couple of aged demimondaines who are bent on raising their ward (Daniele Delorme) to be a credit to their profession, but whose task is made difficult by the incorrigible innocence of their pupil. The plot is one long, contrived snicker and would undoubtedly have made the contemporaries of William Howard Taft cluck like scandalized hens. The camera work, also 1910 vintage, is hard on the eyes.

"Monelle," also from France, is much more sophisticated. It is chic sentimentality, showing Louis Jouvet in his most worldly, basso-profundo manner. As a great composer in a moment of artistic sterility, Jouvet pays heed to the pretty face of his little protégée, but when inspiration is on him again he swings back to the beloved wife of his youth. A good bit of "Monelle" is taken up with the full symphonic presentation of a dubious masterpiece, and a good bit more with enigmatic epigrams that cause the caption writer more trouble than they are worth. It is pleasant to watch M. Jouvet work, even when he is hamming in his sleep.

The Danes have sent us "Child of Man," from the novel by Martin Andersen Nexö. It appears on the screen as an exceedingly morose tale, heavy with violence but light on insights into human behavior. Action is provided by a trio of grotesquely extravagant villains much given to drink, fornication and avarice, and a like number of simple-minded victims. In "Child of Man" everyone beats or is beaten. The principal sufferer is Ditte (Tove Maes); the picture opens at the moment of her illegitimate birth and closes as she is about to bear a bastard of her own. In between she evinces a bovine acceptance of every calamity and humiliation the unholy three can heap upon her; the child, however, is a contribution from a co-victim. The moral of all this seems to be that if you can contrive to suffer enough in this world you are a very admirable person and will go straight to heaven. Better acting might have made the message more persuasive, but I doubt it. ROBERT HATCH

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JOHNSTON D. KERKHOFF in the preamble of his review to *BUMARAP* in the Feb. 16th *Grand Rapids*, Mich., *Herald*.

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